

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
Reuisites thus the glimles of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of

And for my soule, what can it doe
Being a thing immortall as it feele
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe

Hora. What if it tempt you to
Or to the dreadfull somner of death
That bettles ore his base into the earth
And there assume some other habit
Which might depriue your soule of rest
And draw you into madnes, then
The very place puts toyces of death
Without more motiue, into euill
That lookes so many fadoms to the bottom
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyon
Still am I cald, vnhand me Goe
By heauen Ile make a ghost of you
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee

Hora. He waxes desperate.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not for us.

Hora. Haue after, to what if it be.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Whether wilt thou lead me?

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormēt
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

And